N°. IX. SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1803.

POLITICS.

AN *Exposé*, or view of the state of the French Republic, both in its internal and external relations, was transmitted, by the First Consul, to the Legislative body, at the opening of its sitting, on the 21st ult. It is a very extraordinary and curious document, both as to its matter and its manner; and whatever may have been the sensation it occasioned in France, it is certainly calculated to produce a very considerable degree of emotion in the breast of every Englishman who reads it.

It commences with a view of the Gallican church, which is represented as regenerated by Philosophy and Concord; and then proceeds to the schools, the public roads, canals, commerce, manufactures, the tribunals, army, navy, finances, colonies, &c. all of which, except the finances, are represented as bearing the most decided marks of prosperity. On the latter topic, less is said than on any

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other which this document contains; but it promises an abundant portion of future satisfaction on that important subject. This high-flown panegyric will also have the advantage of never being contradicted in the country which is the object of it; as public comments on the measures of Government are there considered as offences against the State.

The Italian and Ligurian Republics are treated altogether as dependent powers; while Holland is settled at once, by a lively observation, that France may be her most useful friend, and can be her most dangerous enemy. Even the German Empire is described as being indebted for its present and supposed improved state, to the protecting influence of France. The Ottoman Porte is also mentioned, as requiring at this time the aid of French councils.—In short, Bonaparte, in this paper, speaks of the Continent in something very like the language of a sovereign.

England, however, appears to stand in his way, and checks the career of his pride. His opinions on this subject are equally curious, fallacious, and insulting—we shall give them at large:—

"The Government guarantees to France "the peace of the Continent, and it hopes "for the continuation of the maritime peace;

" and to preserve it, the Government will do " all that is compatible with the national ho- " nour, essentially restrained to the strict exe- " cution of treaties.—But in England two " parties dispute the power: though one has " concluded peace, and *appears* determined " to maintain it, the other has *sworn* an im- " placable hatred to France. Hence that " *fluctuation* in their councils, and that as- " pect at once pacific and threatening. While " *this struggle of parties shall last*, there " are measures which prudence commands, to " the Government of the Republic. *Five* " *hundred thousand men* shall be ready to " defend and avenge her. Whatever may be " at London the success of *intrigue*, it will " never force other nations into new leagues; " and the Government asserts, with a just " pride, that, *alone*, *England cannot now* " *contend with France.*"

If this is not the language of defiance; if such declarations do not mark an inveterate hatred to this country and Government, we must give up all pretensions to judge of words or things. But amid his menaces, the First Consul betrays a manifest apprehension of the power, the spirit, and resources of England. Till the opposition is crushed; till Lord Spencer, Lord Grenville, and Mr. Windham, are gagged, he will maintain five

hundred thousand men to defend the Republic against their machinations. He may boast of the superiority of France, but it is evident, that he is alarmed at the idea of a renewed war with this country. That event, however, depends entirely on himself. Let him practise moderation and justice—let him sacrifice vanity, caprice, and ambition, to the real welfare and honour of the French people, and he may dismiss all his fears of party operations in Great-Britain. At the same time, if we should be forced to renew hostilities with France, though without the hope of continental support; if this country were to enter *single-handed* into the contest, we should have no fears for the event: and where is the honest, true-born, loyal Englishman, who does not feel that we should continue to maintain our character, and add new laurels to those which have so long thickened over the stupendous monument of British glory?

VIEW OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

LE MARI CORRUPTEUR,

A MORAL TALE, BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

It is not only in the councils of Princes, in the senates of republics, and in popular as-

semblies, that a spirit of dissension, of rivalry, and dispute has taken up its abode. They are its palaces, while the hearts of authors form its boudoirs and its villas. If we may observe, in parodying Gresset,

Rage d'auteur, est un feu qui dévore,

the work which we are about to examine, authorises us to complete the parody of the distich,

Rage d'auteur femelle est cent fois pis encore.

The incredible success of the novel of Madame de Stael, twenty thousand copies of which have not yet satisfied the literary curiosity of Europe; that of Amelia de Mansfield, the new work of Madame Cottin, whimsically enough entitled the Antidote to Delphine, to which it may serve rather as an Appendix, and the applause which has been given to these immoral publications, have kindled the displeasure of the virtuous Mad. de Genlis. Brought up under the eye, formed by the counsel, improved by the writings, and even by the corrections of La Harpe, in his best days, she has assumed, among female authors, the sceptre of the lesser literature; and has justly assumed the character of the Quintilian of novel writers.

It is impossible not to applaud the moral object of *Le Mari Corrupteur*. The design

of Madame de Genlis is to expose the misery to which a young woman may be led, even by her husband, when he instils into her mind the principles of fashionable philosophy; and having rendered ineffectual the religious education of her infant years, stamps the character of freethinker on her, from the time she enters upon what is called the world. D'Alembert, Marmontel, Diderot, Helvetius, Raynal, Condorcet, Voltaire, and Madame de Stael, furnish Mad. de Genlis with the materials of her moral story.

The Marquis de Clange, a disciple and admirer of the Encyclopedists, wishes to marry a young woman of fifteen years of age, of great natural talents, and who has received an excellent education, under the immediate care of an old and virtuous relation. The philosophers, however, let loose their usual invectives against marriage; they will not suffer their pupil to sacrifice his liberty, the only real blessing of life. They wish him to wait till they have established a law of divorce, when marriage would be freed from all the shackles of superstition. At length, however, D'Alembert consents to his hymeneal union, but not without exhorting him to communicate to his new companion the knowledge and virtues of an honest man.

Accordingly, M. de Clange, the foe to

every kind of prejudice, the friend of toleration, a partizan of the rights of man, but remaining at the same time very much attached to his titles, and the privileges of his high birth, marries the virtuous, the good, the ingenuous and innocent Julia, who had just entered on her sixteenth year. A purse of five hundred Louis d'ors, which she had received as a marriage present, had been reserved by her for certain acts of benevolence. She is now taken to the Opera, where she attracts universal attention. She dines also with the philosophers, where she hears an opinion of Helvetius, "that a coquette is much more useful to the State, in employing milliners, mantua-makers, and artizans, than the Devotee, in nursing the sick, succouring the poor, and delivering the prisoners."

Condorcet, at the same time, informs her, "that benevolence is a real weakness, when it is not applied to some object of public utility." Julia, therefore, like a good citizen, renounces her project of relieving prisoners, and her five hundred Louis d'ors are spent in the purchase of fashionable frippery, and English articles. Her purse, however, still contains thirty Louis d'ors, and a sick old man and his wife entreat her succour. A tradesman arrives at the same time with a lace veil; when, after deliberating, for some

time, on public utility, the lace is purchased, with no other view but to encourage the manufactures of Flanders; while the old man receives only one Louis d'or, as a larger present might be considered as proceeding from a weakness in her character, and be in direct contradiction to genuine principles.

Her husband, acting under the influence of these same principles, is nothing more than the lover of his wife. He introduces her into those societies where she is addressed in the language of Delphine. She is there taught, that a violent passion is not to be conquered; that its energy is its justification; and that love, far from disordering, purifies and exalts virtue, even when it is illegitimate; and that it is the source of all excellence.

Thus the overthrow of poor Julia's ideas appears to be the more readily accomplished, as these advocates of adultery speak of virtue occasionally with absolute enthusiasm, and possess the reputation of superior talents.

The husband soon improves upon the maxims of his friends, and gives to their shocking sophisms, all the weight of authority and reason; thus, by degrees, he forms a state of corruption, infinitely more dangerous for a woman, than that perversion of principles and sentiments which may be produced by the arts of a lover. In the latter case, he

might be restored, but the corruption of a husband is without resource.

The Marquis turns into ridicule the forms of devotion to which Julia has been accustomed, and explains to her the works of Voltaire, and the writings of the other philosophers. He also persuades her, that her grandmother, in the early part of her life, was the favourite of the Marechal de R. Julia, therefore, prefers Belisarius to Telemachus, and at length becomes a deist; adopting the maxim of Condorcet, "that morality can never be corrupted, but by a connection with religion."

We shall not follow Julia, now become a sceptic, a deist, and a complete moralist, through all the stages of that corruption of which her husband is the author: for the successive pains and anguish which afflict this unfortunate victim of the morals in fashion, and the philosophy of the day—for the jealousies, as well as the adulterous attachment, of them both, and the disdain with which the amorous Julia is treated by a perfectly honest man, whose treatment occasioned a momentary return to the path of virtue, recourse must be had to the work itself.

The Revolution then follows, with the part which the heroes of the novel take in its atrocities; the divorce of Julia; her marriage with a man of the lowest extraction, who

shortly abandons her to marry another woman; her connection with a wretch, named Belmont, the natural son of her husband, who takes a very considerable part in this work, and finishes his career by receiving the stroke of death from the hands of his accomplices, the Terrorists. Julia is at length imprisoned, and condemned to death, on the eve of the day when Robespierre was dethroned. A parallel is drawn between the agitations of her conscience, and the calm, resigned state of a virtuous young woman, who is about to suffer with her. In this situation M. de Clange finds the wretched victim of his own corruption, stretched on straw, pale, disfigured, and dying; without friends, without protectors—forgotten by the world, and beheld with contempt by those who recollect her dishonoured name. The discourse which the dying Julia addresses to him, concludes in the following manner:—"If you should fortunately find, as wives for your sons, such as have been educated in the principles of religion and virtue, neglect no endeavour that may tend to fortify in them those happy sentiments. Do not forget, that a young woman can only receive the outline of an education from her mother; it remains for a husband to bring it to perfection, or to render it useless; and he must be the most senseless of

men, who corrupts the companion of his life, and the mother of his children."

It is not easy to express the acknowledgments due to Mad. de Genlis, for the publication of this admirable satire, in the form of a novel. We hope that it may contribute to deliver this branch of literature from the harpies that infest it.

INSCRIPTION

On the Urn erected to the Memory of Mr. MASON, *in the Flower-Garden, at Nuneham.*

By COUNTESS HARCOURT.

The Poet's feeling, and the Painter's eye,
In this thy lov'd retreat, we pleas'd descry.
Ah, Mason! in the scene thy fancy drest,
Oft shall the sigh of sorrow heave the breast;
Oft recollection picture to the mind
The various talents that in thee were join'd;
And while thy lofty genius well may claim
The brightest guerdon from the hand of Fame;
Thy simple manners, that disdain'd all art,
The genuine piety that warm'd thy heart;
Thy steady friendship, justly might require
Numbers like those that once inform'd thy lyre!
Ah, fruitless wish! for ever mute that strain;
And numbers worthy thee, we ask in vain.

FOR THE PIC NIC.

Mr. Editor,

Seeing by your new Paper, that you give advice gratis, the less apology appears necessary for my asking it. You must know, Sir, I am called in the city a very fine girl; of course have swains in plenty, prosaic and poetical. From the productions of the latter, I have already papered me two very elegant fire-screens; and doubt not, in a short time, I shall be able to paper my whole dressing-room. The former productions make excellent papillots; but I want to know, by what outward or visible sign I can discover the real sentiments of a man; as, in the present instance, I am at a loss to know whether their addresses are paid to the charms of my person, or to the attractions of my father's chest, who is a banker.

This wish of mine, I well know, is not generally adopted at the west end of the town; but, though I am young, I admire the solemn institution of matrimony, and am old-fashioned enough to prefer the knowledge of a man's heart, to an acquaintance with his India Bonds, or Bank Stock. There is, indeed, too much reason for believing the witty South's observation, in one of his sermons, where he

says, "that matrimony is become a mere matter of money." And this idea, no doubt, has occasioned my father often to hint, that it would be a match of much prudence, if I were to marry one of his SLEEPING partners. But in this, as you may suppose, I neither want his or your advice, how to determine. Therefore, untill I see what you say on the subject, as we take in your very clever paper, I shall remain contentedly,

Your most humble servant,

ARABELLA CHECK, *Spinster.*

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * Maria, said I, in a *kindly* accent—pour out the tea!!!—Maria, poured out the tea—it was very good and I drank it—What have you there papa? said she, darting a glance across the table—the PIC NIC, Maria, said I.—The PIC NIC! the PIC NIC! cried she, exultingly—O! give me the PIC NIC.—I gave it her, she took it, and began to read—my eye watched the motion of her countenance—it changed, and the tears began to fall—drop—drop—drop—till they all *beblistered* the PIC NIC.——What is it makes you grieve, Maria? said I, in a kinder accent—O! O! O! replied she—it is the Fragment! * * * *

ABERCROMBIE's DIRGE.

Soldier, Soldier, stop the bier!
Halt, and leave the body here,
Here in holy earth we lay
Abercrombie's mortal clay.
Sound the dirge, and o'er the grave
Let his conq'ring banner wave;
And when call'd to muster-roll,
Christ have mercy on his soul.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF STERNE.

Coxwould, near Easingwould,
June 24, 1764.

My dear Madam,

I am too great a sinner to deserve the interest you appear to take in my life and conversation, by expressing a wish to know how I pass the time at my parsonage, and in a remote village of the more distant part of Yorkshire. As for my London life, you are certainly acquainted with the very best part of it; because you have the goodness to let your door be opened to me whenever I knock at it.

Why then, here I am, in a comfortable old house, part of which is covered with thatch, and surrounded, though not immediately in

the view of it, with landscape beauty. My library, for I shall take the liberty of calling it so, as it is the best room of my house, and is furnished with a good collection of books; my library, I say, has one window looking upon the village and the church, which Lord Shelburne, who once did me the honour to accompany me hither, considered as a beautiful specimen of the architecture of its period; and another that opens on a pleasant garden, gay with flowers, and plenteous in common fruits. The honey-suckles hang flauntingly about them, and a vine straggles over part of my roof, but our climate here is not so genial as to ripen its clusters! as you will believe, when I inform you, that in this month of roses, and while the haymakers are busy in the meadows, I find it neceſſary to take my meals by a bright fire-side.

As Lord Fauconbourg and his family are not arrived, whose house and park are in my parish, I have no society but what my nuns afford me:—O fye, Mr. Shandy——Now, I beseech you, my dear Madam, have a little patience, it is all I ask of you, or of the world, to hear me out, before you or they pass judgment upon me.

You muſt know then, that about two miles behind my house, there is a fine ruin of a benedictine abbey. A path, shaded by tall

hedge-rows, through a succession of meadows, brings me to it. It is by the side of a river, whose opposite bank rises in somewhat of a mountainous form; and where the craggs blend romantically with the wood that hangs about them. To this secluded, interesting, and solemn spot, I take my walk every day after I have taken my coffee. This I call visiting my nuns; and chastity herself never sent any of her votaries on a purer errand. There I sit down upon the fragment of a pillar, beside a knot of alder trees, and moralize on the flight of time, the vanity of the world, and the soarings of ambition. Or sometimes I lean against a gate, and contemplate the arches that supported the proud mansion of devotion, which once hallowed the spot, and re-echoed the midnight hymnings of the holy sisters. Now these holy sisters, whoever they might have been, are the nuns to whom I pay my daily and spiritual visit; and then I return home to resume my pen, with the hope of doing some good to a gouty and splenetic world. In the morning, I sometimes paint or play on the fiddle; and on Sunday I go to church, as you may believe, but it is some time since the miserable wounded state of my lungs has suffered me to do more.

Now, my dear Madam, I hope, from the

bottom of my heart, that you will not be satisfied with this account of me and my doings; but that your friendly spirit will do me the honour to make further inquiries concerning your most obliged, and obedient humble servant,

To Mrs. ——— L. STERNE.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

To trace thee, FOOTE, thro' all thy various scenes,
Thy wild eccentric schemes for ways and means,
Might shew the world that genius in that course
However cross'd, will catch at some resource;
That buoyant wit will keep the shore in sight,
Whilst simple honesty shall sink outright.
Ages may pass before the world shall see
So absolute a non-descript as thee:
For ever doom'd to charm and to offend,
Thou could'st not make a foe or keep a friend!
Careless of truth, and heeding little more
Than how to set the table in a roar:
A satyrist without gall, a random wit,
That shot his bolt, not caring where it hit:
So quick it came, oft times the parting guest
Ere he could reach the door, o'erheard the jest.

ANSWER TO MARIA MODELY.

Having taken into our serious consideration the petition of Maria Modely, spinster,

as stated in our last, we shall, to the best of our ability, reply to the several particulars, on which she solicits our opinion, in order as they stand.

To the first—viz. *That she has just entered the eighteenth year of her age*; we reply, that if she has passed seventeen years of her age well and profitably, she has done more than most young women at her age are apt to do.

Secondly—*That she has blue eyes and light hair* seems to us no objection to her character; but if *her features being sprightly do not become a languish*, we advise her not to try it; as affectation is no mark of good sense, nor *languishing* any symptom of modesty.

Thirdly—If *her arms and hands are tolerable*, we hope she will employ them to tolerably good purposes; but if *she plays upon the piano-forte, harp, and lute*, we think she might give up two of her instruments, and not perform the worse upon the third.

Fourthly—If *she dances with spirit and elegance* in her own opinion, we think her quite right in not dancing much, till she finds others are of the same opinion with herself.

Fifthly—As to *her feet and ankles*, it does not lie in our way to give any opinion upon them; neither would we recommend to her

to subject them over much to the inspection of *her cousin Henry, the Oxonian.* But upon the question of *short petticoats and transparent lace,* we must positively refer that to the infallible judgment of the elegant Madame de L—c—r; and if Maria Modely has a passion for the *Nude,* she can apply to no one better qualified to enlighten her, both by precept and example.

Sixthly and lastly—As to her particular anxiety to be informed *how much her bosom may palpitate after a country dance,* and likewise if *it ought to rise in the time of the music,* we have only to say, that if she will but keep it out of sight, nobody will discover whether it rises in time or out of time.

LINES

WITH A BOUQUET TO A LADY.

Though from thy bank of velvet borne,
Hang not, fair flower, thy drooping crest;
Maria's bosom thou shalt find
The sweetest, softest, bed of rest.

Though from mild zephyr's kiss no more
Ambrosial balms thou shalt inhale;
Her gentle breath, whene'er she sighs,
Shall fan thee with a purer gale.

But thou be thankful for that bliss,
For which, in vain, a thousand burn,
And as thou stealest sweets from her,
Give back thy choicest in return.

C.

THE ESSAYIST.

JOHN DE LANCASTER.

" *John de Lancaster*, commonly called Old John of the Castle, a native of North Wales, (the memoirs of whose family we understand are now collecting and arranging for publication) was a gentleman of great respectability, honoured and beloved by his friends and countrymen, whom he hospitably and courteously entertained in his ancient and venerable mansion of Kray Castle.

" The family of John de Lancaster consisted of an only son, Robert, and a maiden daughter Cecilia: he was himself a widower. Robert was married to an heiress of the house of Morgan. Of these several personages I propose to give a brief account, agreeably to what I find recorded of them in the memoirs above mentioned, and that account I shall date from a certain eventful period in their history: when on the first of March, being St. David's day, Old John of the Castle had assembled a house full of guests, rich and poor, to commemorate, according to custom, the anniversary of their tutelary Saint.

" Mrs. de Lancaster, the wife of Robert, was at this time in that state which gave daily

hopes of an heir to the ancient family into which she had married. Of course she took little or no share in the festivities of the day; the whole economy of Kray Castle being administered by Mrs. Cecilia, who from the death of her mother, a period of nearly twenty years, had suffered her youth to pass away, and her beauty to fade, without repining; amply repaid by the love and approbation of her father, to whom she was in the practice of devoting her whole attention.

" Amongst the many admirers, which her good qualities, recommended by a very considerable fortune, had in various periods of her long celibacy induced to propose to her, none had been more pertinacious in their addresses than Sir Owen ap Owen, Baronet; a gentleman, who had neither flaw in his pedigree, nor mortgage on his estate. As a scholar he was not very eminent, for though Sir Owen had in early life been taught to read, he had for a considerable course of time discontinued the practice of it: he was, nevertheless, in great request as an acting Justice of the Peace, and, by a reference to his beer barrels, which were extremely impartial, was allowed to settle differences and disputes in a summary way very highly to his credit. The great interest which this gave him, he very laudably exerted, as his fathers had done be-

fore him, in a constant opposition to the minister of the day, whoever that obnoxious animal might be; and as the gentlemen, who were regaled at his table, never disputed his opinions, Sir Owen was never called upon to give any reason for them.

"The worthy Baronet was now in the sixth year of his courtship, and Cecilia had stood a siege more than half as long as that of Troy, without betraying any tokens of a surrender. During dinner, Sir Owen, who was seated next to Cecilia, had all the disposition in life to be eloquent, but he could not eat and talk at the same time: still he was determined that auspicious day should not pass over without hearing him repeat his vows in the ear of the yet obdurate Cecilia. Full of this idea, Sir Owen, after the bottle had circulated a sufficient time, heard the summons to attend the ladies, as a hero hears the signal for battle, and obeyed it with the utmost alacrity. It was here he meant to seize an opportunity of trying the effect of that resolution, with which he felt himself inspired; and as his eyes were naturally directed to the tea-table upon his entering the room, where he concluded, with good reason, that Cecilia would be placed, he shaped his course directly to the point, where the light of candles, and dazzling reflection

of the tea-things, so confounded his optics, that, without observing the person of Mrs. Robert de Lancaster, or exactly calculating distances, so as to bring him up in time, he came foul of the table, and discharged the whole apparatus, with a horrible crash, into the lap of the aforesaid lady, whilst his head came to the floor, amidst the wreck of broken china, with an impunity, which no common head would probably have had to boast of in the like circumstance.

"Dreadful was the consternation of the company, most alarmingly critical were the screams and convulsive throes of the pregnant lady. The consequences, in short, were so evident, and their symptoms so decisive, that had not the Accoucheur been present, and luckily not quite so tipsy as to be incapacitated, the world might have lost the pleasure of reading the adventures of that hero, who was thus precipitated into existence.

"The lady was carried up to her apartment, the castle echoing with her screams, whilst Sir Owen ap Owen, who for a time had been stupified by his fall, began to find out so many ways of accounting for the accident without hinting at the true one, that the worthy host, pitying the embarrassment of his guest, suffered him to depart, in the persuation, that the slippery floor alone was to

blame, and the port wine, which the Baronet carried off with him, acquitted of the charge.

"When John de Lancaster at length found himself left to his son Robert and his friend Col. Wilson, he proposed to withdraw to his library, and there wait the reports that might be made to them from above stairs. Col. Wilson was a disabled officer, having lost a leg in the service, and had now retired, upon a sinecure government at 20s. per day, to a small patrimonial estate in the near neighbourhood of Kray Castle. He was a few years younger than John de Lancaster; a man of strict probity, good understanding, and an excellent heart. These were qualities which no man knew how to appreciate better than John de Lancaster; and though his studies and pursuits had been widely different from those of Wilson, he loved his company, and lived in perfect harmony with him as a neighbour. The Colonel on his part was not blind to the eccentricities of his friend, but as he never differed from him except upon points of speculation, that did not interest the passions, their disputes were never carried on with any mixture of acrimony, and were no more than served to keep the conversation alive.

"Wilson had lived in the world, and knew mankind; John de Lancaster had lived in his

castle and studied books; Wilson argued from experience, John de Lancaster from theory, which oftentimes led him to controvert positions, that to the Colonel seemed little less than self-evident; and he would freely undertake to demonstrate paradoxes, which, to Wilson's unsophisticated understanding, appeared perfectly incredible: these he neither lazily admitted, nor pertinaciously contested; if he had done the first, there would have been a speedy end to the disquisition, which would not have suited John de Lancaster's purpose; if he had taken the latter course, there would have been no end at all, which was a consequence that Wilson had, by no means, any purpose to encounter.

"Robert de Lancaster, on the contrary, believed every thing, and examined nothing; he was a man of great faith, and few words; and though by no means wanting in curiosity, was extremely so as to inquiry. He worshipped learning, as the Athenians did *the unknown God;* and no man regarded books, and the readers of books, with more profound veneration: he took his father's word for every thing, without hesitation, and in the matter of his marriage with Miss Morgan, is supposed to have made not the slightest reference to his own inclinations, as that lady

was not remarkable for any extraordinary attractions, either of beauty or accomplishments. It must be confessed, he was not very uxorious, neither did she overburthen him with her fondness or attentions. They lived in the same house, it is true, and they lived without quarrelling; but this may be accounted for, naturally enough, as their spirits were never agitated by contradiction, or inflamed by jealousy: the husband had no attachments, and the wife no admirers.

"These few preliminary remarks may probably apologize for the placidity with which Robert now sat down in the library, between his father and the Colonel, to wait the issue of an event, in which, if he did not express a very lively interest, the reason most likely was, because he did not feel it."

As I have no concern in the good or ill reception of these memoirs, than as the mere transcriber of them from the manuscript, with some degree of abbreviation, I shall in future study to conform myself to the judgment of my readers, so far as I can collect it, and accordingly either enlarge or contract, pursue or discontinue the subject, as I see occasion.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

THE RATIONAL LOVER.

Ardor edendi!

My darling Nell! tho' thee I love
All other women far above,
And you yourself must know it;
I do not seek, by high-flown lies,
About your face, your nose, and eyes,
To prove myself a poet.

I'll not, in Della Crusca phrase,
Your roseate cheeks, or red lips praise,
And on false charms descant;
Since I am sure that you possess,
My only love, nor more nor less
Than any man must want.

And faith! you would not seem so fair,
With odours dropping from your hair
In many a pearly tear,
To me, as now you seem divine,
All as you brew the home-made wine,
Or bottle up the beer.

I know my wife, tho' lov'd and young,
Distils no honey from her tongue,
Of no gay wits the toast:
I know tho' with what careful toil,
Exact she puts the pot to boil,
Or lays the joint to roast.

She fires no gazing crouds with love,
But fires each morn the kitchen stove,
With wood, not with her eye.
She causes death to no fond man,
But puts the bacon in the pan,
And causes it to fry.

Let Damon rave, and sigh, and start,
And swear he loves with all his heart,
Yet I more love my Nelly.
His love but feeds his bosom's heat,
Mine feeds me ev'ry day with meat;
I love with all my belly!

His flame, soon as in hope of bliss
The priest has giv'n him leave to kiss,
May perish, tho' the strongest:
My Hydra love, that's appetite,
Returns, is fed each day and night:
Pray which will last the longest?

Then Nelly come;—I'll buy the meat,
Which you shall dress, and as we eat,
Our love shall gain new life.
My angel——Psha! fond nonsense, hence
From one who loves with so much sense.
I'll call you hence my Wife! R. M.

THE INNOVATOR.

Pretium chartis. HOR.

I was strolling about the room at the Opera, on last Saturday night; not joining those boisterous bloods, who having no object in any part of the room, press forward impetuously to all parts of it; nor was I retiring with the gentle females and feminine beaux, whom the other species had driven away in alarm; but with the eye of a satyrist and reformer, I was reviewing this emporium of fashion, and endeavouring to select some sub-

ject, with which I might fulfil my weekly engagement. While thus employed, I was pushed full butt against an old friend of my father's, and consequently of mine, who is a genuine buckram beau of the "vieille cour;" one who never goes to the play, but he deplores the scarcity of cocked hats; is never at an opera, but he deprecates the absence of swords and bag-wigs; and is regularly shocked at an assembly, by the natural ringlets of the ladies, the uncouth sticks, and brown, poodle-like heads of the gentlemen. After the usual five minutes employed in drawing off gloves, shaking hands, and the established salutation of, "Good Sir, I rejoice to see you in such good health," he asked if I had seen my friend Lady ——— that evening. This lady I had become known to, by our living in the same country house for two months, on my first introduction to the world, and we had kept up a familiar acquaintance ever since. My friend told me where she was standing, and added, that she gave a ball next week. I went up, and made my bow, in hopes of at least a friendly smile, or if it were a moment of good humour, a cordial shake of the hand. I scarcely received the first. She then asked, how long I had been in town? A week was my answer, and the truth. Her countenance clouded, and after asking two more trivial

questions, she desired another gentleman to see for her carriage. I received this as a signal of displeasure, and returned, surprised and disconcerted, to my friend. She will not ask me, I muttered; I must have offended her, by her manner. What did she say to you? said the old beau. She asked how long I had been in town, and I said a week. Have you left your card with her? returned the orthodox formalist. I instantly found, in my own negligence, the cause of her anger, and determined to make it the next subject of the INNOVATOR's consideration.

The custom of leaving cards, is certainly both useful and necessary, to inform your acquaintance that you are in town, and would be glad to be present at any entertainment they may have in contemplation. But this is surely a most uncomplimentary way of intimating friendship. It shews, without doubt, that you are fond of the house, and its amusements; but it also dec ares that you have no wish for the society of the master or mistress of it. I dare say many will consider this paper as arising from selfish disappointment and anger, at not enjoying the hospitality of the lady whom I offended. But I do not wish the custom to be abolished: I consider it as good, nay, absolutely necessary to those wealthy and dashing hostesses, who, being

always employed in public entertainments, have no leisure for private friendship. If nobody were ever admitted to a house, but intimate cronies of the family, such entertainers as above mentioned would be driven to play at piquet with their husbands, commerce with their children, or at best three-handed whist with the next door neighbour. I merely propose that the custom be not so strictly observed among friends, nor offence so easily taken at any slight violation of it. For it is surely a solecism in society, when a lady throws open her whole house, parlours, bed-rooms, and garrets; when she invites to it all she ever has seen, and all she ever hopes to see, and who may bring all she has never seen or heard of; that she should, out of the whole town, only exclude her most intimate friend, (which sometimes may happen) because he has forgotten to send her a bit of card, which, if she had received, she would instantly have thrown into the fire!

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Nothing proves the ascendancy of modern writers over their predecessors so much, as the judicious preference they give to sound over sense. I am desirous of contributing to

the perfection of this system as far as I can; and as my multifarious reading had enabled me to collect some foreign specimens of this sort, I beg leave to send them to you, in the hope that some of our living masters in that way may profit by them. As a proof of their being perfectly genuine, I annex to each the name of its author, and am,

Your's,

P. P.

Extract from Don Juan de Alarcon, a Spanish Poet, dedicated to Mr. Tattersal.

" I accepted the challenge, and immediately entered the lists; where I awaited my adversary on an Andalusian thunderbolt, a monster of fire, at one moment a splinter, the next a cloud. The blind field fancied it a Hippogriff, and the sun a comet rising to eclipse him; for, sometimes light, sometimes heavy, it enjoyed, amid the winds, the prerogatives of a bird. It was a tiger in its skin, as April paints among flowers a curious carpet, in which she sows porphyry, with circles of silver, and splashed lines of gold. Its tail, which unwound itself into a serpent, the glory of the sun, and ornament of his light, appeared a gulf of sun-flowers, and its mane silver. Its breast was a mountain, and its head so short,

that nature seemed to wish to reduce that to a diamond, which in every respect resembled a pearl. Stumbling in its own light trip, it proudly and arrogantly mocks the wind; insomuch that the wind, ambitious to imitate it, desired to cease to be wind, and to become a horse. By this time the Moor reached the place, dancing to the sound of the martial clamour, with the paces of a Greek mare, a piece of alabaster, endowed with a soul, and with sense. She seemed a swan, who swims in the sun, through clouds which he has mocked, and given the lie to; so that, while among them, the brute wishes it to be presumed that there are stars also, clothed with feathers. The mare was a jessamine, mighty in her mane and tail, with a narrow, short neck, a broad breast and portentous shoulders, which offered to the sun mountains of snow. Her eyes were flames, her head beautiful, amid waves of ivory drinking stars, tears of the island of Ceylon, since as she moved it, the beholders admired it as a pearl."

So much for the description of two horses —now mind how the famous Calderon manages the reception of a prince:

"Let your highness give me his feet, if I may touch the majesty and grandeur of such a sun, or Spanish thunderbolt. With joy nd with grief do I now arrive at your feet;

and my breath, a lynx, and blind, between astonishments and swoons, is the eagle of so many rays, the moth of so much fire."

The same author thus makes Fierabras address his enemies:

"I attend you with this crooked knife, which is an unbound leaf of the book of death."

Perez de Montalvan thus describes a beautiful lady:

"She was so fair, that before her face, the snow lost the reputation it had gained in the regions of the air. Her hair might have been that of the sun; and it reached so near to the earth, that, as it was gold, it seemed to have a mind to return again to its centre. Her eyes were lively, though black; so much sovereigns in their regards, that they seldom paid what they owed. Her cheeks would not admit of any assistance from art, because that, with natural roses, the alabaster elegantly mixed itself with purple, and the silver with carnation. Her mouth was a little wound, which bordered with beautiful blood the animated chrystal in which it was made. Her arms were two living lilies, which chose not to be snow, that the sun might not presume to attempt melting them."

The Italians are not far behind in this art.

Dante, for instance, thus speaks of a troop of ghosts:

"We met a troop of ghosts, each of whom fixed his eyes upon us as intently as an aged taylor fixes his on the eye of a needle, when he threads it."

I will conclude with one more extract from Calderon, literally translated, in which the superiority of sound to sense is eminently manifested. It is a description of the morning:

"Already the sun dries up the hairs of the dawn, and folding up the mantle of the obscure darkness of the night, as he folds it up without care, and in many wrinkles, it seems as if he was doing more than folding it up, as if he was swathing or wrapping it together."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

A morning paper of Monday, had the following paragraph:

Lord Castlereagh had a dinner-party yesterday, at his house in Cleveland-row. There were Lords Pelham, Hobart, Auckland, &c. Some part of the conversation related to the late impudent writings of that hoary traitor, Napper Tandy, who in the decline of life, adds insolence to infamy.

It is most certain that the Editor did not dine with Lord Castlereagh; nor could any of his runners be present at it, unless they put on the family liveries for the purpose. It is equally certain, that none of the company sent this intelligence to the Oracle. It is therefore a fabrication, or furnished by a servant. If a servant is so influenced by this Editor, as to furnish conversation held at his master's table, of even a trivial nature, he would upon occasion betray more important matter. Lord Castlereagh is in a high confidential office; and I think his Lordship would do well to endeavour to discover which of his servants is so intimate with the Editor in question.

The right assumed by the papers, of informing the public what passes in private houses, is a nuisance of the greatest importance to attend to, and, if possible, to remove. There is no harm in giving accounts of the operations of fashionable assemblies: I think indeed, that the masters or mistresses of families, or their friends, would do well to send the details themselves to the papers in which they wish to have them inserted; but the telling publicly where people are, when they come to town, when they left or are about to leave it, what they said, and what they did, may some-

times create more serious evil than that arising from vexation at seeing one's name in a newspaper. I hope this hint may have a good effect.——I am, Sir,

March 3, 1803. Your constant reader.

MORE TRANSLATIONS!

We freely confess, we think the following, just received, the best of any given, as it is nearest the original. The writers of the others, have few of them laid stress enough upon the *bene* and *paucis diebus*.

Well shall my friend Fabullus sup with me,
And *soon*, should such be fav'ring Heav'n's decree.
But, if the supper 's plentiful and rare,
Fabullus must himself supply the fare. C. B.

This week has also produced the two following:

My Fabullus, my table,
Like your name, is a fable,
But may furnish a splendid repast.
If you come, do not fail
To bring bread, beef, and ale,
Or, Egad! my dear friend, you will fast.

If you, Fabullus, have a mind
To sup with me, in decent kind,
A few days hence, God willing,
You'll bring the *Pic Nic* for your fare,
We then shall feast on something rare,
Which only costs a shilling!

HERO OF THE NORTH.

This piece has already been reviewed in several of the daily papers, with so much critical judgment and precision, that we have little to add on that subject, except in general to lament, that another instance is now given, how possible it is for dulness and insipidity to be kept alive by the aid of music, and the brilliancy of spectacle. What opinion must the directors of the theatre have entertained of the taste of their audience, when they ventured to bestow so considerable a portion both of labour and expence, upon such a drama as *The Hero of the North?* That they were right in their calculation upon the pliability of the public, is considerably more to their honour, than to the credit of their hearers' taste; however, it is an honour we shall not congratulate them upon; for we are persuaded, that whatever only fills the treasury, by degrading the stage, will in the end impoverish the treasury, and disappoint their purposes.